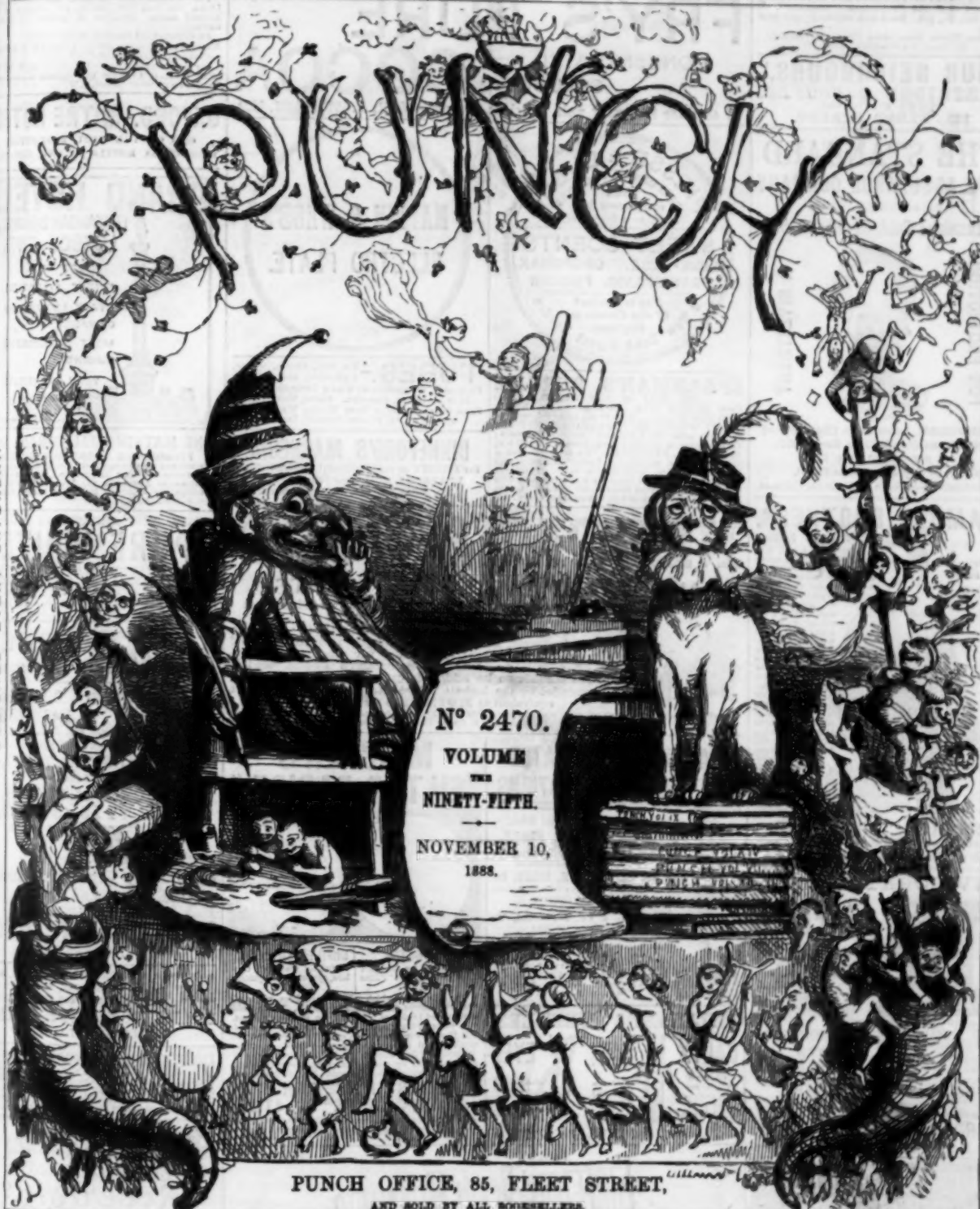


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"LE SPORTSMAN."

"Hi!! Hi!! STOP ZE CHASSE! I TOMBLE—I WALOFF! STOP ZE FOX!!!"

AN EXPLANATION OF THE COCOON TRICK.

(By One who has passed a Night with the Spirits.)

I HAD determined to find out "how it was done." I had seen the placards showing me a lady with wings emerging from what seemed to me to be the skeleton of an egg cup, and I knew that this marvellous performance was repeated every night at a Music Hall. But how was it done? That was the point—how was it done? I was pondering over the matter in my study with a glass of whiskey and water beside me. For a while my mind, like SULLIVAN'S organ-man, was "ill at ease," when all of a sudden a trance-like calm fell upon me. I was glad of this, for I knew that I was about to learn the secret. I learn most things after a trance-like calm has fallen upon me. For a while I could not exactly follow what I was doing. Then my brain became as clear as a bell—as crystal. I was standing with Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS among the Armada relics at Drury Lane, talking to the descendants of the Elizabethan heroes who had saved England from invasion three hundred years ago. They were loud in their praise of the Lessee of the National Theatre.

"Yes," returned the part-author of *The Armada*, "I certainly get as near truth and nature as possible. For instance, the scene of the Holy Inquisition was real. I got it at some reduction, as it is obsolete in Spain. You see before you real tormentors, real tortures, and real victims. The gentleman that is dropped through the trap-door at the commencement of the Act in a condition of some exhaustion I had to take as a fixture. He said he was accustomed to his rack, and could ill do without it. Yes, we do not only use real tortures, but sometimes discover real secrets."

"You do!" I exclaimed, "then do you think you could find out for me how the Cocoon trick is done at the Pavilion?"

The Lessee of the National Theatre nodded an assent, and led the way to the stage. When we arrived there we found the gentleman to whom reference has already been made, stretching himself at full length on the rack.

"Well, Sir," said the Lessee, "and how are you enjoying yourself?"

"Thoroughly," was the immediate reply, "they have been giving me an extra twist this morning, and I feel all the better for it. But now I think I am done to a turn."

He was taken from his apparently unconventionally-fashioned couch, and dropped through his usual trap, in his customary condition of exhaustion.

"And now, perhaps, we had better see the talented inventor of this marvellous trick," said the courteous Lessee, and a gentleman of evidently foreign extraction was introduced.

"Do you require my assistance?" asked the Chief Inquisitor, in a voice that reminded me of the palmy days of the Legitimate Drama, suddenly appearing at the wing.

"Thank you, No," returned the courteous Lessee. "I think we can get on without you."

The Chief Inquisitor bowed in a stately manner, and, with much dignity, withdrew. The gentleman of evidently foreign extraction was then invited to seat himself on a torture-chair that had been specially brought for him from the collection of Armada relics.

After a few minutes passed in cheerful preparation, the talented inventor said that he was then in a position to explain his secret, on the condition, however, "that it went no further."

"It is as simple as possible," he observed, smilingly, as he rose from the torture-chair. "It is done by swallowing a potion, similar in character but different in effect to that consumed by Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But perhaps you would like to see it done."

I said I would, and, by a dexterous twist of the wrist (very neatly performed) both the Inventor and myself were "passed" into the Pavilion in an instant. The Hall was crowded, and I found myself behind the scenes. A beautiful young lady was standing beside me with a glass in her hand. I heard the Inventor speaking to the audience. I saw him hold up a sort of frame, covered with tissue-paper. I watched him as he drew, with admirable skill, a worm, and then a cocoon. Then I noticed that the frame and tissue paper had disappeared, and a sort of large walnut, made of silk, had taken their place.

"Now," said the Inventor, "I will place this Cocoon into this receptacle, and in a moment you will see what happens."

As he spoke, the young lady raised her glass to her lips. I immediately seized it and swallowed its contents myself. Then a strange thing happened. I found myself suddenly emerging from the Cocoon, to the surprise of both the Inventor and the audience.

"Done like that!" shouted LIMA JOKE, the well known Japanese Secret-discoverer, suddenly appearing on the stage. "Not at all! See now, I will show you how it is done!"

But at that moment the scene faded away, and I found myself in my own study with my head resting tranquilly in the coal-scuttle. How I got there—whether I was "passed" or not by the Inventor—is still a secret to me. But this was not the only thing that puzzled me. I could not understand the condition of the whiskey bottle. Before I left my study, I fancy, I say I fancy, it was nearly full—now, undoubtedly, it was quite empty!

New Version.

(By a Disgusted M.P.)

REMEMBER, remember
The Sixth of November?
Of course, for it can't be forgot!

I know no reason
Why late in the Season [rot
We're mustered to rage and talk

"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"—PADDY LANE gave a bob to avoid a shot from the revolver. Only a bob! He got off cheaply. But, as he observed, "It's better to be a coward for five minutes than to be dead for the rest of your life." PADDY was right. Life is certainly worth living—at that price.

THE CHALLENGE: OR THE RIVAL CHANTICLEERS.



Grand Old Chanticleer (fortissimo).
Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o! Cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o!!!
Gather round me, hen-birds all—pretty Partlet crew!

Chorus of "Women's Liberal Federation" Hens.
Cackle! cackle! Grand Old Bird! Where's the fowl dares tackle
Such prodigious spurs and beak? Cackle! Cackle! Cackle!

Grand Old Chanticleer.
Ladies, thanks for your response to my stirring clarion.
Fancy there's a business here I alone can carry on.
Fighting Cocks are plentiful, game birds some are terming 'em,
But I really think you need a change of breeds in Birmingham.

Kept a little mite too much to one stock and brood, I think.
Once you deprecated change, but you have changed your mood, I think.

"Crested Ch-mb-ri-ns" no doubt are a breed pugnacious;
Very valiant, vigorous, vehement, vivacious.
But one family of fowls may be overdone, Ladies.
Mean to challenge 'em myself, think we'll have some fun, Ladies.
Want to rule the roost too much, the C. C.'s do. Monopoly
May do in screws, but not in fowl-runs—if I must talk shoppily.
JOKE C., as Cock o'the Walk, considerably plumes himself,
But when a bird backs all his brood, I rather think he dooms himself;

Crested Ch-mb-ri-ns all crow loud, strut with much
 show abdominal;
 Some say that JOE's supremacy is little more than nominal,
 Even in crow and strut; though these he carries to
 excess, he [JESSE.
 Has rivals in his brood, who are not all as meek as
 However, that's mere local cackle, though good K-KR-CK
 —come! a gem!—
 Tells me that complaints of this are not confined to
 Brummagem. [RICHARD,
 Still I'm here to fight Big JOE, not AUSTIN, nay, nor
 I into him, he into me, are pretty sure to pitch hard,
 When it does come to fighting. Ladies, I am game to
 tackle
 On his own walk that Chanticleer!

Chorus of "W. L. F." Hens (effusively).
 O lovely! Cackle! Cackle!!!

Brummagem Bantam.

Well, it's like his impudence! And on my own walk,
 too!

But I'll beat the Old Bird yet, and by a long chalk, too!
 He talk of Monopoly? Well, that's really queer;

He who'd rule all roosts alone, Grand Old Chanticleer!
 Well, I'll fight him! As for you, poor Partlet-Chorus—
 pooh!

They shall find that two can play at Cock-a-doodle-
 do-o-o! [Makes ready.

A NICE LOOK-OUT FOR LONDON.—The Standard is
 delighted that the Duke of WESTMINSTER has been
 appointed Lord Lieutenant of the County of London,
 because he will "bridge over the gulf between the old
 régime and the new." Let us hope that the new West-
 minster Bridge will prove a success—come up to the
 "Standard," in fact. But one Duke will not make a
 London County Council, and this "gulf," according to
 Mr. HAMER's letter in the Times, may be, after all, a
 bottomless pit of Bumbles and Blackmailers, wide and
 dark indeed, beyond even the possibilities of "filling up,"
 suggested by the heroic self-sacrifice of a Ducal Curtius.
 Mr. Punch hopes that this HAMER hits wide as well as
 hard.

"EDUCATION, OR STARVATION?"

[The poor child attended in Court herself, was fined two-and-
 sixpence for not having attended school when she was nursing
 her father, and then burst into tears, saying that the only money
 she had they wanted at home for bread.—Vide Daily Telegraph
 Report, Nov. 3.]

EDUCATION
 Is vexation,
 But Starvation's worse.
 Can School-Board be
 With fine and fee
 Earning the poor man's curse?

GETTING ALONG NICELY.

In its Dramatic and Musical column, last Friday, the
 Daily Telegraph informed the world that Mr. WILSON



An Impressionist.

little boys get hold of the pens and ink, they generally
 make a nice mess of it; but we are sure Master WILSON
 B. is a good boy, and he won't do anything of that sort,
 will he?

BARRETT "without assist-
 ance, has both constructed
 and written a play called
 Now-a-days." W. B. is
 "getting a big boy now!"
 Fancy being able to write
 a play without assistance!
 And what was the "assist-
 ance" he received before
 this daring effort? Why,
 according to the same
 authority, it was Mr. HALL
 CAINE. So when he got
 free of this CAINE,—which
 has always been a tutor's
 assistance,—little Master
 WILSON BARRETT pro-
 cured pens, ink, and
 paper, and wrote a play,
 all by himself! When



FAMILY JARS.

JOHN. "THE IDEAR OF SUSAN'S ASKIN' JOHN TO WILLIAM'S FUNERAL, AFTER
 THE WAY 'E'D BEYAVED! I SHOULDN'T CERTAINLY EVER DREAM OF ASKIN' 'IM
 TO YOURS!"

Darby. "WHAT! THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS, I SHOULD BE VERY MUCH
 OFFENDED IF YOU DIDN'T!"

THE NEXT DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT.

Letter from — Smith, Esq., to British Minister.

DEAR BRITISH MINISTER,—I AM an Englishman who has become an American,
 and want to know which way I ought to vote at the present crisis. I reckon I
 may take it that this change of front on the part of present Government is all
 bamboozle. That is so! Post me up on the right side of the rails. I calculate
 I can influence a lot of votes, to get them put, bedad, to the credit of the
 unspeakable Saxons! Hurroo! Erin go bragh! Yours respectfully,

(Signed) — SMITH, Esq.

Telegram from British Minister to — Smith, Esq.

I think you ought to vote for the present Government, as I fancy that after
 the Election is over the good sense which has ever been the characteristic of
 the present President will once more become apparent. As you are personally
 unknown to me (although of course your name is perfectly familiar to me), I have
 taken the precaution to pay a small additional sum to have this telegraphed to
 you with the words "Strictly private" added to the message.

Cablegram from Minister to Premier.

Very awkward this telegram of Minister. Well-intentioned, but ill-timed.
 Please do something.

Cablegram from Minister to Premier (an hour later).

Have sent Minister his passports.

Cablegram from President to Premier (an hour later).

Have ordered Minister to be off at once.

Cablegram from President to Premier (an hour later).

Sending out declaration of war by next mail.

Cablegram from President to Premier (an hour later).

At Cabinet Council just held decreed the immediate annexation of Canada
 and Australia, and the speedy invasion of India.

Cablegram from President to Premier (a week later).

Election over. Pulled it through. Countermanded annexation and invasion.
 Sorry Minister has gone. Give him my kind regards. Calculate you may con-
 sider this incident at an end.

"FAUST GAIETY."

On the third night of its existence I saw the new burlesque of *Faust* at the Gaiety. *Faust up to Date* is not *Faust up to Much*. Such as it is, it has taken two distinguished Adelphi melodramatists, Messrs. PETTIT and SIMS, to do it. Clearly the melodramatists are dissembling. The Extravagant Travesty plays two hours and three-quarters, and is therefore about two hours too long. Here and there the two dissembling melodramatists have made a conscientious attempt at burlesquing some of the principal situations in the Opera and drama. Occasionally there are some good lines, as there ought to be in the course of two hours and three-quarters, though, whether in dialogue or in song, it seemed to me that the utterance of only Miss ST. JOHN, Mr. LONNEN, and Mr. STONE was distinct.

There is nothing remarkably amusing in the First Act, which, however, is the better of the two; but in the Second Act, there is a dance of four girls, all alive and kicking, which is more effective from its eccentricity than its grace; and in the last scene there is the now inevitable Irish song for LONNEN, of which a Mr. MARTIN is announced as the writer and composer, the talented authors of the burlesque having, as I suppose, drawn the line at "a rival" and "ar-rival," or at "flying being a matter of a-pinion," and MEYER LUTZ, composer of the music of the extravaganza, being unwilling to enter for an Irish jig competition. Be this as it may, the Martin-Lonnen song, which is not brought in till just before the finish, as a *bonne bouche*, is not a patch upon "Killaloe;" but to see the choruses seriously marking the time on each other's heads with their shillelaghs, after the fashion of "The Two Macs," is very funny, and a hit, "or several hits," as the Dissemblers would say. The music is poor, and affords little opportunity for FLORENCE ST. JOHN or for anybody else. Mr. STONE, who appears as *Valentine*, may probably be—as the dissembling melodramatists nightly jointly observe—a precious Stone, only requiring a better setting to display his real brilliancy; but those who remember M. MILNER as the burlesque *Valentine* in *Le Petit Faust*,—an *opéra bouffe* full of fun and sparkling melody,—will be inclined to regret either that the English low comedian has never seen that performance, or, if he has, that he has not sufficiently profited by it.

By the time this notice appears, improvements may have been made in the piece. After the First Act, I overheard a Masher plaintively inquiring at the pigeon-hole of the Box-office, "Is the Second Act any better than the first?" What the invisible official's answer to this was I could not catch, but the complainant, in a deeply injured tone, went on, "Look here, there's no dancing in the First Act, don-cher-no." I suppose he received some comforting assurance on the subject from the hidden oracle, the veritable Jack-in-the-Box-Office, as further observation made him none, but with his hand on his swelling shirt-front, returned, struggling with suppressed emotion, to his stall. Gaiety Management ought to know how to cater for Gaiety Masherdom: "plenty of 'caper' sauce," as the dissembling Adelphian melodramatists would say, both together, of course.

Yet when that bright particular star of burlesque, the inimitable NELLIE FARREN, is absent from the Gaiety, the gaiety of its patrons seems to be eclipsed. What a "little *Dr. Faust*" she was, when TERRY was the *Metaphisophes*, and KATE VAUGHAN the elegant *Marguerite*! I hope, for the sake of Mashers and Management, it may not turn out that

There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at 'a;
There's nae luck about the house
When our own NELL's awa'.

Yes, in her absence the Gaiety *Faust* seems but forced gaiety, after all, judging at least by the present effort, says, with incorrect pronunciation,

P.S.—In my criticism on the *Dean's Daughter*, a fortnight ago, I referred to Mr. F. C. PHILIPS as the Author of *Ariane*. Mrs. CAMPBELL FRAID wrote *Ariane*. But there is a strong similarity of character in the two heroines, with neither of whom should we feel



Patron of the Drama (to Box-office-keeper concealed within). "I say, is the second act better than the first? (Sadly.) There's no dancing in it, don-cher-no."



JACK-IN-THE BOX.

any sympathy. As CHARLES JAMES FOX wrote,—"It has been thought dangerous to the morals of mankind, even in fiction and romance, to make us sympathise with characters whose general conduct is blameable." Hear! hear! And as I could not imagine anyone sympathising with *Ariane*, or with any of the *dramatis personae*, so I did not consider that play as dangerous to morals. Thus, "the point of this here remark lays in the application of it," as I was comparing the moral effect of the two plays, and not their literary or dramatic merits.—J. I. T. B.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A NORTH BRITISH HYDROPATHIC.

SCENE—An immense Drawing-room, lighted by numerous gas-burners, and furnished on a scale of imposing splendour. It is after dinner: tea and coffee have just been served in the corridor outside, and persons of more luxurious habits have brought in their cups to sip at leisure. On settees in the centre sit middle-aged Ladies in grey, red, and white woollen shawls, each politely admiring the other's work. Very young Ladies whisper and laugh in the window-seats, all about nothing, and exhibit the truest affection for one another. Others converse, not unconscious of the distinction, with the exceptional Young Men who have donned evening dress, and who glide about with an agreeable air of feeling perfectly at home. People who don't know anybody sit apart in chairs, perusing "The Hotels of Europe," or anything else they can get hold of, and wondering why other people are so unsociable. A stout old Lady in a corner is discoursing to a meek little old Maid, in a strong Yorkshire accent, which from time to time compels the unwilling attention of everybody in the room. The old Lady's husband endeavours in vain to catch her eye from the background, as her confidences threaten to become of an alarmingly intimate nature. In the foreground, two Visitors have just discovered a bond of sympathy in the fact that neither of them has found Scotch scenery quite what he expected.

First Visitor (delighted). You weren't much impressed with the Kyles of Bute? You don't say so! Now that really is very curious—no more was I! Now, Loch Lomond is certainly rather pretty—(as if he did not wish to turn its head)—bits of it, you know. But the Trossachs—what are the Trossachs, after all?

Second V. Exactly. (Feeling that this settles the Trossachs.) What are they? And then some people tell you *Glencoe's* so magnificent—I went through it in a pouring rain, and all I can say is—I couldn't see anything in the place! and look at Staffa and Iona—why, to hear some people talk—

First V. (in a large-minded way). Well, I didn't think Iona was so bad myself, I must say—

Second V. Ah, perhaps you're a good sailor, now I'm always ill on any steamer—

The Yorkshire Lady (in a slow ruminating voice). An' so ah said to ma husband, "Ah doan't loike to cloime oop on them 'cherry boonks,' as they call them, it may be vara noice," ah said, "when ya git oop, but if ah seas oop, ah'd hev to coom daown agian." An' ma husband sez to me, "Doan't ya be sooch a blethrin' owd!"

Her Husband drops a book in the background. A Young Lady who likes Excitement (to one of the agreeable Young Men in Evening Dress). Oh, Mr. TORCKLER, don't they ever do anything here?

Mr. Torckler. Oh, yes, I'm going to ask that lady in the blue spectacles to sing in a minute, and there's somebody in the house somewhere, who will play the flute, if you go the right way to manage him.

The Y. L. (pettishly). Oh, I didn't mean that—I meant get up something.

A Solitary Stranger (seizing the opportunity of speaking to somebody). If you're fond of climbing, there's a very nice mountain in the vicinity—you can get up it easily in three hours, and it's only eight miles by road.

The Y. L. (stiffly). Oh, thank you very much. (To Mr. T.) I mean get up a dance, charades, anything!

An Habituee. Ah, you should have been here the week before last, when the house was full! There was something going on every evening in the Recreation Room—theatricals, dumb-crambo, thought reading, and I don't know what all—such fun we had!

The Y. L. (coldly). Really? (To Mr. T.) But why couldn't we dress up, or something?

Mr. T. (doubtfully). Well, there's not much point in dressing-up unless you do something when you are dressed up, is there?

The Y. L. (who would be quite satisfied with the mere dressing-up). I suppose not. Well then, we might dance.

Mr. T. (who doesn't dance, but would recite if anybody were to ask him). Not enough men.

The Y. L. Oh, some of the girls—(by which she means the other girls)—can dance with one another. Do propose a dance.

Mr. Torckler (diplomatically). Er—well, I must find out what people think about it before proposing anything, you know. (Circu-

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday Morning, Nov. 6.



E missa ad mensam: [from Probate Court to Westminster, which is quite another thing. Returned my brief in Parnell case. All very well for young fellow like CHARLES RUSSELL to slave all day in Probate Court and toil all night at Westminster. But he hasn't been in collar since A.D. 1841. Looked in at Speaker's Court this morning, to pay respects to SPEAKER. In excellent health and spirits; has had good rest, and ready for work. Found him, by way of rehearsal of business that opens this afternoon, blocking his own wig.

"The only measure—7½ in. × 11—one in my position can block," he said, gently touching one of the curls.

"Going to have a quiet time, Sir, do you think?" I asked.

"Well, that depends," he said, slowly. "We may and we may not." This very interesting. Nothing like going to head-quarters for information. Every-

body asking how the Autumn Session is likely to turn out. Put simple question to SPEAKER; answers it at once; doesn't require notice, but gives a simple, absolutely safe answer. Shall know now what to say when anybody asks me.

DOWN ON DONNELLY;

Or, Crushing the Cryptogram.

"The Sonnets present evidence for SHAKESPEARE's authorship like the links of chain-mail in an armour of proof. And the man who wrote the Sonnets must also have written the Poems and Plays. This can be established by those principles of scientific demonstration that have been applied to both in the present work. The same unlearned man wrote both! Then the secret history in the Sonnets is in agreement with the public history of the time, and both are in antipodal antagonism to the Great Cryptogram."—Mr. Gerald Massey, in his new edition of "The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets."

A POET on the Poet! That should herald
A real Champion's advent. Go it, GERALD!
Punch puts it pleasantly in the vernacular,
For only owls and humbugs ape the oracular
IGNATIUS now, the "Moon-Raker" gone frantic,
Who hunts for mare's-nests under the Atlantic,
And SHAKESPEARE's text, is naturally stilted,
But under MASSEY's mace he must have wilted
Like the pricked bladder that he is. Yes, go it!
A poet, sure, should understand a poet.
You show 'twas SHAKESPEARE, he who sweetly sonneted,
Who wrote the Plays,—and DONNELLY is bonneted!
Your monumental book's a trifle bulky
(Five hundred pages turn some critics sulky,
My massive MASSEY, but 'tis full of "meat,"
And sown with Song as masculine as sweet,
Mellifluous echoes of the master-rhymes,
Whose music filled the Great Armada times,
Three centuries since, and still moves heart and brain
More than the pageantries of Drury Lane.
"Tush! none but minstrels' like of sonneting,"
Sings SHAKESPEARE's self with an ironic ring.
Minstrels at least will thank you; for the rest
Who have not time or heart for the Great Quest
After the Secret of the Sonnets, these
May dip and taste where there's so much to please
Both student bee and social butterfly;
Whilst all will track with grateful heart and eye
Your slaughtering of that colossal Sham
Egregious DONNELLY's Great Cryptogram!

lates at as wide a radius from her as possible, while she endeavours to find out from the expression of those he addresses, their willingness to dance or otherwise—an object in which she might be more successful if he were mentioning the subject at all.)

The Yorkshire Lady (as before). An' ah went straight hoam, an' ah poot on a moostard pleaster, bahk an' front, an' next moornin' boath ma legs wur ahl swelled oop loike— [An agonised expression in her hearer's face warned her to lower her voice at this point.

Another Young Man, in Evening Dress, approaches a group of Young Ladies.

All the Young Ladies (coquettishly). Now you mustn't come here, Mr. PATTLE—you are such a dreadful tease! You must promise to behave if we let you stop. [They make room for him with alacrity.

The Y. M. (taking a Novel, with an elegant carelessness). Is this very pathetic?

The Owner of the Novel. I won't have you making fun of it—it's lovely. I've wept pints over it! I left off just at the most exciting part. I'm dying to know how it goes on—I should be reading it now if I didn't want to finish this sock. [Knits calmly.

The Y. M. (to Vocalistic Young Lady). Aren't we to have a song this evening?

The Voc. Y. L. How can you ask me? Why, you know how I broke down last night!

The Y. M. (gallantly). Well, I'd rather hear you break down than other people finish. I know that.

Proud Mother (from Provinces). There's my daughter here will be happy to sing if you like to ask her—she's had a first-rate teaching; and people who know what good singing is, tell me—

The Daughter (in modest confusion). How can you go on so, Mamma? You'll make the gentleman think I'm something wonderful! (She is induced to consent to sing.) Well, what will you have? I've got "Only the Moon and Thee, Love!" (looking up under her eyelashes)—some of my songs are rather soft—and there's "Say but One Word, and I am Thine!" (archly)—that's a hint to some of you young gentlemen! Will you have that? Or this is a pretty one—"One Kiss, and then—ice Part!"

The Y. M. (prudently, after looking through her music). I think, if you wouldn't mind singing "The Better Land"—

[She is disappointed, but sings it, without interrupting either the reading or the conversation.

The Yorkshire Lady (speaking through music). So ah said to th' Doactor, "Doactor, ah want you to tell ma joost wheer it is ah'm sooffrin"—is it ma loongs," ah said, "or ma chest, or ma—"

The Singer (with solemn feeling). "Not there—not they-ere, my che-ild!" [Song concludes amidst faint and absent-minded applause.

The Young Lady who likes Excitement (to herself). That's over, thank Goodness! There's plenty of time for a dance still, if they only make haste. I'm sure I can hear some one playing a Waltz in the Recreation Room. What are they waiting for? (Two Men enter, and look around inquiringly). Have they come in to find partners? Then there is dancing! (The two Men bring out a chess-board, and begin to play) . . . Pigs! (Mr. TORCKLER, after conversing confidentially in various quarters, goes out with Mr. PATTLE.) They're going to arrange about it at last! (Waits hopefully for some time—the lively young Ladies collect their work, and go out too). Oh, those girls are going now. I'd better ask someone, perhaps. (Crossing to Matron). Do you know where those gentlemen in evening dress have gone?

Matron. I heard them say something about a game of billiards, and a cigar.

The Y. L. (blankly). Oh (hopefully), but all those young ladies—where have they gone to?

Matron. The young ladies? Oh, they've gone to bed—we keep early hours here, you know.

The Yorkshire Lady. An' he gave ma a perscreepahun, ahl fooll o' things that ah wasn't to teak. Ah moosn't eat bread, an' ah moosn't eat potatoes, nor yet mooffins, nor ten-cliak, nor no peastry nor sweets (meditatively)—boot ah niver wur a swent eater—ah niver wur thot! (And so on.) [Drawing-room gradually empties, till the Yorkshire Lady is left alone with the little old Maid, who throes in an automatic "Yes" at intervals, and wonders if it will be rude to say she is rather tired.



OUR IMBECILES.

Elderly Masker (who can't see that his attentions are unelcome). "I'M SURE YOU'RE FOND OF MUSIC!"
Persecuted Fair One (pettishly). "OH—YES—VERY—WHEN IT PUTS A STOP TO CONVERSATION!"

THE AUTUMN MEET.

A HUNTING SONG FOR THE ST. STEPHEN'S SEASON.
 AIR—"A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky."

M.F.H. sings:—

A NONDESCRIBT wind and November sky
 Look queer for a hunting morning.
 But the Meet is fixed, and away we hie,
 Loved leisure and liberty scorning.
 To horse, my lads, to horse, away!
 The chase admits of no delay.
 On horseback we've got, together we'll trot.
 (Though if I see the need of it, may I be shot!)
 More spouting forbear, see the cover appear!
 (The pack's a mixed lot, and the country is queer.)
 Drag on him! Ah, wind him, my good, steady hounds
 (That sounds like full faith, but I fear with faint grounds.)

If only the cover and furze they will draw,
 I'll envy not BARRY or MAYNELL;
 But LADBY cares little for good canine law,
 Wild WILL is the plague of the kennel.
 When away we fly, some puppies may halt,
 Some strike a false trail and the pack put at fault.
 Will they cast round the Schoolhouse far out of our track?
 To the old Shamrock Spinney essay to try back?
 Shall we hear a hound challenge in Sackville Sedge,
 Or take us full tilt o'er "Diplomacy" hedge?
 "Hark forward! Hark forward!" Oh, bother the noise!
 Keep 'em straight if you can, SMITH, then "at it, brave boys!"

A stormy sky surcharged with rain
 The chance of good sport opposes.
 In the mettle of some of the pack trust is vain,
 And I haven't much faith in their noses.
 Each moment now the sky grows worse;
 Enough to make bland B-L-F-A curse.
 If they'll pick the ground we would take them through,
 All's well; but if not, there is mischief a-brew.

If we can but get on, we'll make some of them quake.
 Let us hear the hounds challenge, and in the right brake,
 Tally ho! Tally ho! then, across the clear plain.
 Tally ho! Tally ho, boys! Have at him again!

We must ride, whip and spur, for, I hope, a short chase;
 Our horses all panting and sobbing.
 Young Madcap and Riot will soon want to race;
 I fancy we'll have some rare mobbing.
 But hold,—alas! they'll spoil our sport,
 If they over-run or head him short.
 Clap round him, dear BILL, and if some of the pack,
 Like Random, go hotly, hark back! hark back!
 Some will see a fresh quarry in every bush;
 If you let 'em run wild, we shall ne'er get the brush.
 Who-hoop! who-hoop! I'd give many a crown
 If the fox we are after were fairly run down!

CUTTINGS TRANSPLANTED.

THIS came out of the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, October 29:—
 RESIDENCE, most centrally-situated, CLIFTON, to be LET, with a permanent Gentleman Lodger, who will remain if desired (or for SALE).

Rather hard on the Lodger, unless, like every other man "he has his price," and can pocket the proceeds for his own benefit.

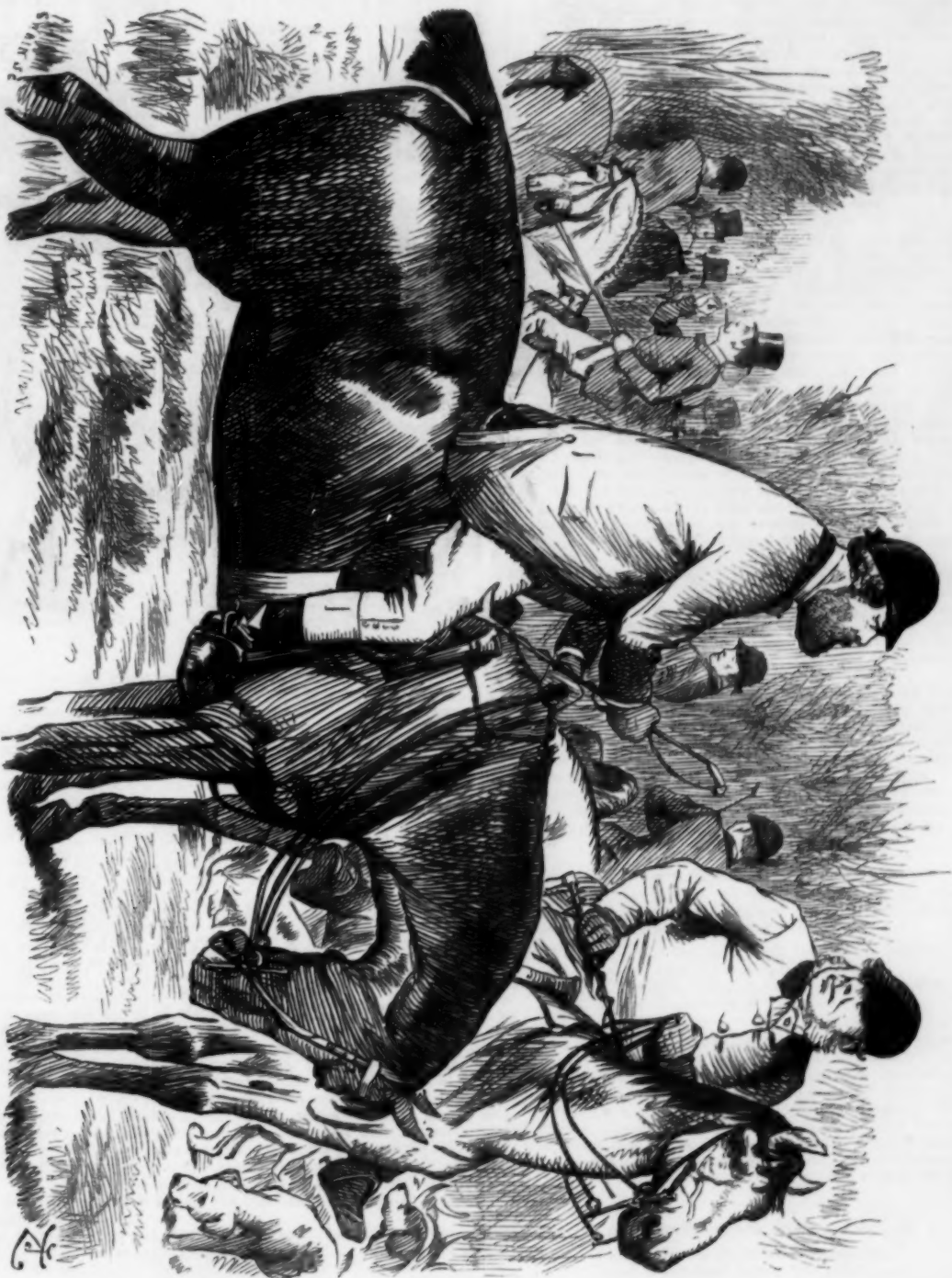
This is idyllic, out of the *Stamford Mercury*:—

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted. Must be thoroughly fitted and recommended, deft and debonair. Man-servant kept. Bachelor's house.
 "Deft and debonair!" Quite Miltonian. Appropriate too in the pages of a *Mercury* interesting himself in looking out for a Hebe.
 "Bachelor's House." Alas! poor Bachelor!

NOTE BY LORD GOT-THE-SACKVILLE.—The American BAYARD may be "without fear," but he's not "without reproach."

MRS. RAM says the fogs affect her severely, and she's afraid her cold will turn to comic Bronchitis.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—NOVEMBER 10, 1888.



THE AUTUMN MEET.

HURSTMAN, "MORNIN', M' LORD!"
His FOREMAN, "MORNIN'; YOU'VE GOT A MIXED LOT IN THE PACK, SMITH,—AND A DIFFICULT COUNTRY!—HOPE YOU'LL KEEP 'EM WELL TOGETHER!"



A PARTHIAN SHOT.

Examiner. "THANK YOU, MR. JONES! I'M AFRAID IT ISN'T NECESSARY TO TROUBLE YOU ANY FURTHER. GOOD MORNING."

Plucked One (who has at all events read his Nineteenth Century). "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL; BUT THEY'LL BE EXAMINING YOU PRESENTLY—AND SEE HOW YOU'LL LIKE IT! GOOD MORNING."

ROBERT ON THE NEW LORD MAYOR'S SHO.

WELL, I suddenly did think that, even in these times of universal mockery and irreverence, there was just a few things as might reasonably be expected to remain sacred from the profane touch of the ribald gester, and first and foremost among 'em was the hancient, the time-honoured, the truly gorgeous festival of Lord Mare's Sho!

But no, I was wrong for wunce, and I confesses it in sackcloth and ashes; that is to say, I am sure as I wood, if so be as I knowd how to get through that werry gritty an skrunching seremony. But then, of course, I did not make proper allowance for the ordassity of a Gent who combines in his own solemn person such a strange variety of karacters as a Hem Pea, a Barrow Night, a Polytishun, a Joker, and a Tea Toteller!

And what a hordience Sir WILLIAM LAWSON selecks to adress on so important and hinterestin a subjeck! What can a lot of mere Wesmorland Woters kno or care about Lord Mare's Sho? Why, less than even he does—and how much is that? Why he achally tells his pore hignorant lisseners, and xpects them to bleeve him, that it is the custom to have in the sacred Sho camels, and bufferlows, and ellefants, and jackasses, and men in armer, and tom-fools, a marching about! What a minglin of the sublime and the ridiculus! Elefants and Men in Armer on the one hand, and Jackasses and Tom Fools on the other! My curiossity is natrally xited to kno who he could have meant by the jackasses and tom fools; but I natrally refranes from persuing the delicate inquiry too fur.

Leaving his discripahun of the Sho, I passes on to his ludiekus account of the werry grandest bankwet as takes place in the old City, as is so notorious for em. Woud it be bleeved that so wunderfool is his hutter hignorance on these himpant matters, that he achally describes the Ero of the nite as being scerounded with Torsys and Turtels! Torsys and Turtels! What a singlar combashun! Torsys, the bo hideal of humane wisdom and wirtue, and Turtels, the bo hideal of akrumpahus and happytising food!

But only to think of the witty water-drinker's hutter hignorance of igh-class wittels, as well as of igh-class drinks. Why he achally seems to fansy as that Turtels is brort on table at dinner, all hole, like Turbats, and such small dear!

Ah, what a rewelashun it will be to him sum day when he fust tastes REEL TURTEL SOUP! I halmost henveys him his grand sensashun.

I admires his awdassity much more than his good taste as to the halterations he boldly ventures to suggest in the grand peroceshun, and from what I ears, here and there, I don't think as there ain't werry much chance of there being adopted. What mere rubbish to have a pieter of Mr. GOSCHEN hofferin Lord SORLSBERRY a blank check! Wot's the use of a blank check, I shoold like to know, to Lord SORLSBERRY or to anybuddy helse? If the Chanceller of the Xchecker had a bin shown a-hofferin of him a five pun note for hisself, there woud be sum sense in it, and in spite of his estonishment at a preasent from sitch a quarter, his Lordship woud probberly have accepted it with rapashure.

And then only fansy a doing away with the thrillin and awe-enspirin site of no less than six reel Men in Armer, all brort from the Tower of Lundun, by the speshal permission of H.R.H. the Dook of CAMBRIDGE, to keep the mob in order, and substitootin for 'em Mr. WILKIE COLLINS a milkin a Cow in a werry large feeld! Why the thing's too ridiculus to ewen dream about, tho I confesses as I do have sum rayther rum uns sometimes, 'speahally after a werry scrumpahus bankwet. However, seeing, I spose, in what *Amlet* calls his mind-your-eyes, that, in a Perseshun in the werry richest City in the hole World, sumthink like splendor woud be looked for, he proposes to have, next to the Cow-milkin seen, a Gilded Carriage; all werry right and werry propper, says ewerybody of taste; but he must have a nice idear of the size of a Gilded Carriage, for it is to contane not only Mr. JOE CHAMBERLING—as he werry irreverently calls the fashnabe Member for Brummagem—but he is to have with him a lot of Dooks, and Dutcheses, and Publicans, and Archbishops, and Brewers!

Why, wot nonsense! Why, ewen a large penny Homnibus woodn't hold 'em! And wot a way in which to speak of the werry hiest horders of the Nobility, Dooks and Dutcheses, and Archbishops, and the most usefulest of all our Mannyfacturers, Brewers and Publicans; wix., to tork about a lot of 'em, as if they was to be put up and nocked down at a Hoction!

But a truce to all this ribaldry and werry watery wit, at witch I confesses as I ceased to be surprized when wunce I learnt that its Orthur had never tasted reel Turtel Soup, on the one hand, and never now knowd wot it wos to drink a glass of generous old Port, or ewen just a wee drop of reel Scotch Whiskey, on the other.

Poor old Gennelman! we must, of course, make ewery possible allowance for him under the peccoliar circumstances of his werry sad case.

ROBERT.

Mot by a Midlothian Unionist.

[MR. GLADSTONE, writing to MR. HOLMES IVORY, Hon. Sec. of the Midlothian Liberal Association, speaks hopefully of the prospects of Home Rule in the Constituencies] :—

IN such optimist dreams though you seem to believe,

To a Scholar like you is it needful to state,

My dear WILLIAM, that it is the dreams that deceive

Which pass through the Ivory gate?

NURSERY TALK.—A discussion has been going on as to what "a Nurse's position" should be. Doesn't her position depend on that of the patient, or the baby? "A PRIVATE NURSE" writes to *The Hospital* to ask—Is it a rule for a Private Nurse to take her meals in the kitchen? Certainly not, if the custom of Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig is still of any authority. But perhaps these good old days are gone for ever; but Gamps and Prigs never demeaned themselves by taking their meals in the kitchen.

To Sir Polydore de Keyser.

WELL, "Every dog must have his day,"

And every Lord Mayor too;

But when his day is done, he may,

In all "the beauty of De-K."

Become a Knight, like you.

NEW SETTING OF AN OLD SAW.—You cannot touch "La Terre" without being Soil'd.



PARLIAMENTARY.

Pedestrian (in a hurry). "Hi! 'GIVE YOU FIVE SHILLINGS TO GET ME TO WESTMINSTER BY TWELVE O'CLOCK."

Cabby. "OH, YOU MAY CORRUPT ME, SIR. JUMP IN. IF WE CAN ONLY SECURE THIS OLD HORN'S VOTE, WE MAY CARRY IT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A VOLUME of IBSSEN's Plays (belonging to "the Camelot Series," of whose existence I am hereby made aware) has been lent me by a simple trusting friend. The good simple soul has written his name in the fly-leaf, with a date; but there is sufficient space to write above his signature:—"To my dear friend the Baron de Bookworms, from his sincerely attached," and here will come in, quite neatly and appropriately, his own name in his own handwriting. I have only had time to read the first two plays, *The Pillars of Society*, and *Ghosts*. The first of these, until the middle of the Second Act, is troublesome reading, the dialogue being diffuse, commonplace, and the stage-directions ridiculous. But when the interest really commences, and the reader is on speaking terms with the various characters, then, as the story is gradually worked out, the plot proves to be as strong as the characters are original. Properly condensed and well acted, it ought to be a powerful play, for which able exponents should be found on the English stage. The translation is evidently truthful and very close, but the hand of a practical playwright is needed to put it into proper form. It is a pure-minded, manly-spirited, noble play, pointing a moral without any cant of

goody-goodness. Nor is it deficient in material for good low comedy or eccentric character, without which it is difficult for the best intentioned play to be anything but a burden to the most sympathetic and patient audience. The dramatic possibilities in *The Pillars of Society* are great, but the play as it stands certainly would not do for the stage, and the bald translation makes it a tedious study taken as literature.

As to *Ghosts*, the second play, the translation here given may be close, but the dialogue is even more diffuse than in *The Pillars*, and it is pointless, and irritatingly wearisome to read. Here and there a situation in the painfully repulsive story is undoubtedly dramatic, yet, as a play, whether for an English audience or any other, I sincerely hope its production is impossible. The subject could be powerfully treated in a Charles-Rondeau novel; but it requires the touch of a master hand to adorn the pitiful tale, and point the moral. So, on consideration, I shall not inscribe my name on the fly-leaf, but shall return the book to my friend to prove to him that he has not shown misplaced confidence in his friend, and then he will perhaps lend another and more valuable book to the honest

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

"ONE AT A TIME."

By Bungham Down.

HEAVILY through the Casino
The fumes of the roses float;
Heart of my heart! How could he know
She had come by the tidal-boat?
As stiff as a royal merino,
Or the fur of the sea-side goat?

(Andante hideoso.)

And he danced on one and the other,
He was far too ugly to care,
And Beauty her shrieks would smother,
And Valour forget to swear,
For he was a famous Poet,
And rich and debonaire.

(Tempo di Valse.)

"One at a time, love, one at a time!
Ever he murmured the old sweet rime;
One at a time, love; fair is fair,
Haro! and motley's the only wear!"

(Puffo ma non troppo.)

And he leaned from the lush Casino,
And scanned the sounding sea;
Like the salt of a fruitless Eno,
It cream'd with a mocking glee,
Or moaned like the Moning Congou
At a foggy Five o'Clock Tea.

They play'd at the little horses,
But little of them reck'd he,
As he yearn'd for the stars in their courses
And the moon in her crescentie,
And his pulses reserv'd their forces,
For there in the dusk was She!

(Twingiaments.)

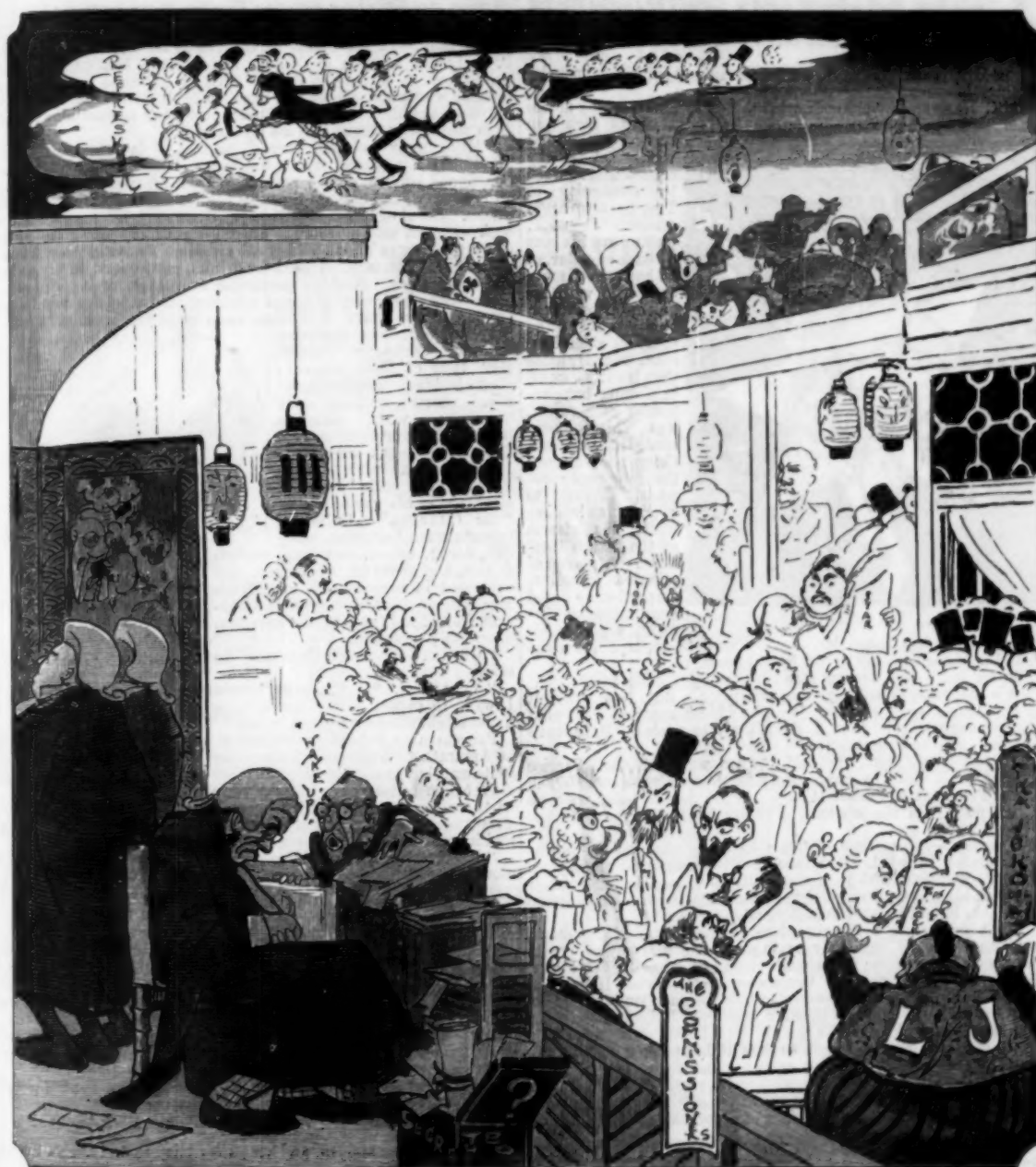
And the vacant space where his heart had
Throbb'd with a fancied pain, ^[place]
As the phantom boot on a long-lost foot
Wakes bygone griefs again.

(Maestoso giocoso.)

There's a lonely tomb where surges boom
And the gridding pebbles grind,—
But he dances on one and the other,
He is far too ugly to mind.

"One at a time, love, one at a time,
Softly he murmurs the sweet, old rime:
One at a time, love; fair is fair,
Haro! and motley's the only wear."

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 21.



COURT UP FOR LUNCH.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

(Special Report.)

Tuesday.—JOSEPH GILLIS has taken somebody else's seat this morning. It's mine. Has "called" himself to the Inner Bar, and now sits with us. Suppose he'll be donning wig and gown presently. Here he sits all day. Pretty to see him, as the shadows lengthen, lay his head on LOCKWOOD's broad shoulder and sweetly sleep. Something weighing on his mind. Moments of abstraction when he sits gazing afar. Once heard something like a sigh.

"Anything gone wrong?" I ask.

"Not yet," he says. "But I'm afraid. Do you think, when I

get into the witness-box and they examine me about my visit to Paris in the spring of 1882—" in the spring, a young man's fancy, don't you know—do you think anything will come out about private affairs?"

"Do you mean," I said, "will they want to know anything about that little affair with the widow, that let you in for the breach of promise case?"

"Well, you needn't put it quite that way, Tony; but that's somewhere about it. You know all about legal procedure. Will the Judges let the ATTORNEY-GENERAL go into that matter?"

"I fancy they will," I said. "But I'll look up the authorities. Haven't got your *Coke upon Littleton* in your waistcoat pocket, have you?"

No, JOSEPH hadn't; and him to be sitting with us of the Inner Bar! TIM HEALY turned up, but not in wig and gown.

"No," said TIM, "not going to stand in the way of JOSEPH GILLIS. Since he's taken to the law, I take a back seat. He needs no assistance." So TIM sits on modest bench with the Solicitors, and presently tackles the Judges.

"I'm Mr. HEALY," he says, when making an application on order of business.

Brother HANNEN gravely nods, as if that didn't matter very much. JOSEPH GILLIS, who tried a fall with Brother HANNEN earlier in



The Star.

forefinger as he has heard Mr. Jagers used to do, lays down the law, and is himself promptly laid by the heels.

"No, no, no!" says Brother HANNEN, testily turning away. That's all; only a monosyllable reiterated. But, how eloquent with impatient disgust of JOSEPH's slightly incoherent and somewhat malignant suggestion! JOEY B. doesn't try to catch the President's eye again. Sits and ruminates.

"Tell you what, TOBY," he said, "when we reach Civil Service Estimates, shall move to reduce vote for law expenses by £5,000, salary of President of Probate Court. What does he mean with his 'No, no, no'? On the whole, I'd rather have dealings with the Speaker."

Wednesday.—Appearance of Court distinctly changed this morning. Chamber crowded. Bar in full attendance and plainly on the alert. PARNELL, who is methodically as late as HARTINGTON, is actually in his place. JOSEPH GILLIS, descended from high estate on Q.C. Bench, humbly seated in Solicitors' quarter.

"Not nearly such a homely place as the House of Commons, TOBY," he whispered, enviously eyeing my wig and gown. "Can do anything I like there; say what I please, at what length I like, and sit where I think proper. Remember the time when House was in Committee, and I sat in Speaker's Chair, behind COURTNEY? Be a pretty row here, I suppose, if, after luncheon, Judges came in and found me sitting in President's chair! But I will do it some day. JOEY B. is tough, devilish tough, as they'll find to their cost."

Curtain drawn back. Judges enter; stand for a second in the doorway; Bar and audience rise with swift rustling noise; Judges bow, take their seats. Play about to begin; subdued buzz of excitement. "What is it?" I asked Sage of Queen Anne's Gate, who is looking on.

"Cherchez la femme!" he says.

Instinctively turn to look in direction of newspaper lady in black hat and hearse-plumes, forsaken by JOSEPH. On the way eye falls on familiar figure. It is he—I mean it's SHEA. (See Sage's joke now. Will laugh as soon as Court adjourns for luncheon. Daren't do it before. Brother HANNEN says he won't have anyone laughing in Court.)

O'SHEA in box all morning and far into afternoon. Doesn't seem to like it; shaved off whiskers in order the better to face ordeal. But no use. In unbroken line below him sit old familiar friends. PARNELL, pale-faced, haggard-looking, staring with reproachful eyes; DAVID, taking notes; TIM HEALY, speechless with anger; and finally, JOSEPH GILLIS, smiling a ghastly smile, and thinking of the days that are no more, when he went down to Galway, and, in defiance of PARNELL, pulled O'SHEA's hair and scratched his face.

A trying ordeal for the once *débonnaire* but now decidedly damaged

Captain. Some signs of quailing at first. Strong disinclination to meet the four pair of gleaming eyes on Solicitors' Bench. But, growing steadier under fire, the Captain fairly faces Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. Answers his searching, subtle questions, fully and frankly.

Thursday.—In the hands of the Police all day. Taken up by P. C. IRWIN as soon as O'SHEA had left the box. Subsequently handed over to custody of P. C. O'MALLEY. O'SHEA just looked in to bring document signed by some eminent politicians meeting in convenient public in Wardour Street, protesting against his exclusion from politics. O'SHEA told me all about it.

"MULQUEEN took me there," he said, "in four-wheeled cab, blindfolded. Engaged cab by the hour. Drove round by Clapham Common, I believe, and so reached Wardour Street. Took bandage off my eyes when I entered the room. Rum lot, seen through tobacco-smoke. Smell of lemon in whiskey. Somebody hit me on small of back with flat side of sword. Then I signed my name in red ink (they said it was blood). They all swore at PARNELL; said I ought to be Chief-Secretary. I paid for drinks, put protest in my pocket, and came away. Nothing particular ever came of it; still we—I mean they—had very pleasant evening. But I advise you to keep out of politics, TOBY. You never know what you'll be let in for."

Police Witnesses charming fellows, especially IRWIN. Best type of Irish peasant; good-looking, gentle-mannered, shrewd, smiling, slyly humorous, with delicious brogue. His conversation with CHARLES RUSSELL worth sitting a week in Court to hear. There was a wide world of eloquence in his way of saying "Sir CHARLES." Entreaty, expostulation, hesitation, alacrity, doubt, assent, certainty, contradiction, and above all, wheedling, each expressed in turn in rich mellifluous breathing of commonplace name. RUSSELL fretted and fumed under iteration. Snappishly protested.

"Oh, don't call me Sir CHARLES," he said.

"Very well, Sir CHARLES," said IRWIN, in softest cooing notes, as a nurse might soothe a restless infant.

Policeman to Policeman succeeded, as Amurath to Amurath. Interesting in its way, but finally soporific. Brother DAY began to take on a glassier stare as the afternoon shadows lengthened. Presently his chin sank on his breast, and he became profoundly engrossed in meditation on evidence.

"It's getting late," said LOCKWOOD. "This is what we call the close of DAY."

THE IDEAL GYURL.

["Woman's work, what should it be but scrubbing furniture, dusting walls, sweeping floors, helping with the farm-work, or in the garden &c. dairy?"—Professor Ruskin's last; and why doesn't he stick to his last?]

"O MARY, go and scrub the drawing-room floor, [chairs, And dust the drawing-room And make the kitchen stairs As clean as clean can be! For so Professor RUSKIN bids, whose word Is law to you and me."

She was a Girton maiden, and her brain Was crammed with learned lore, With culture to the core, And physiologie! But now she hoed potatoes, and at night Dead-tired home came she.

Oh, can this be the highest fruit of time, This bowed and wrinkled maid, This weather-beaten maid,— A gruesome sight to see? Was never horny-handed plough-boy yet Had such a hand as she!

They tried to find a mate for her, but man, But inconsiderate man, But beauty-loving man, Preferred another She! And now that maiden may be heard to cuss Her RUSKIN heartilee!

PHOTUS TO THE FORE.—With what object are letters in a disputed handwriting ordered to be photographed?—To bring their authorship to light.

FREE TRANSLATION.—*Quis custodiet specus custodes?* "Who shall examine the Examiners?"



The Close of Day.

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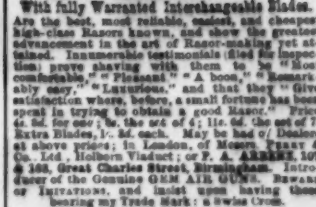


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